Now Ieshu blesse me, am I methomorphised?
I thinke I knowe not my selfe. Why what a Gods
name doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes
at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne
heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were
hand. Why what an vnreasonable woolsack is this.
He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I
thought I gaue such assurauce with my eies, Ide pul
them out, they should neuer see more holie daies.
Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for
his sake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of
him. But in good time, heeres mistresse *Foord*.

Enter Mistresse Foord.

Mis.For. How now Mistris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Mis.Pa. O woman I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in sucha
case in my life.

Mis.Ford. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

Mis.Pa. With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethie looke on that Letter.

Mis.For. Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of misteris *Page*, and misteris *Foord* disagrees:
Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

Mis.Pa. Why this is right my letter.
O most notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?
Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.

Mis.For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.
O Lord

O Lord if my husband should see this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.

Mis.Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealousie,
As I am from wronging him.

Pis. Ford the words I speake are forst:
Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife:
When *Pistoll* lies do this.

Ford. Why sir my wife is not young.

Pis. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and
None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife: (poore
Faire warning did I giue, take heed,
For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare:
Page belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall
Exit Pistoll: (*Nym.*

Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,
I should ha borne the humor Letter to her:
I speake and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym.*
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheese:
And theres the humor of it. *Exit Nym.*

Pa. The humor of it, quoth you:
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

Mis.Pa. How now sweet hart, how dost thou?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Pa. How now man? How do you mistris *Ford?*

Mis.For. Well I thanke you good M. *Page.*
How now husband, how chaunce thou art so me-
lancholy?

Ford. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.

Mis.For. God saue me, see who yonder is:

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